only made Vera more sad, for they re

wand, tipped with a minute gem. Her feet were encased, in delicate green silk

slippers, and her chariot was a sweet bud

"Do not weep, O Princess Vera! I am the Fairy Voma, a princess among fairies,

and having seen your wees from my palace in the moon, I am hear to save you.

Open that foor, walk out to the garden where you met the beautiful prince, and ere the moon goes down to rest your

ace will be with you, and you will be

But you forget, most kind fairy," said

Vera, half smiling through ber tears,

"that there are locks and bars, and sen-

tries to be overcome, and I shall try in

vain. Nay, my uncle, the ogre, may hear

this blue boil, and no door, though boited

with all the bolts of earth, shall refuse to

open, no sentinel presume to wake, and as for thy uncle, the ogre, leave him to

"But the prince"—— began Vera.
"Go!" said the fairy, "and leave him

So Vera went; and lo! every door

turned on its hinges as though no bolt had

ever been there, and she passed on, and

his heavy breathing. The fairy smiled, and, taking a jewel from her crown, she

sed it between her hands and crum

Vorna took the dust and sprinkled

led it into dust. The moon was nearly

then sprang upon a moonbeam, which was

stealing from the chamber, and in a mo

ment she was flashed back to her fairy

building and crushed the ogre and his

sentinels into nothingness. So perished

and war was carried on against the Giant

of the West-now the last of the giants

It may not be generally known that the wearing of tights is a decidedly unhealthy

drawn at such a tension that what doc-

she did not believe any woman who was not compelled to wear tights would do so.

It involved a large expenditure of physi-cal force, and she would be quite willing

at any time to accept \$15 a week less sal-

ary if she were not compelled to wear

observation went, women became old be-fore their time by means of these modern

requisites of the stage. - The Argonaut.

A Child in the Country.

The child in the country grows up a healthy animal. Fresh air blowing over soil covered with grass, and not with fags and houses, it breathes. It can play on the sward ground its home. Its

hours of romp and play are spent under the most favorable circumstances. Its

appetite is keen and it can digest its food;

it sleeps and grows leisurely into a stal-wart adult. The balance of nutrition is well maintained and there is no dispro-

portion. It is developing thews and sin-sws, and a stable nervous system. Back-

ward, as compared with the acute young town dweller, the country child possesses greater potentialities. Slow to develop, its ultimate development is grander and more complete than that of the town dweller. In the battle of life the country in the country was a comparable of the country of the country was a comparable of the country o

tryman in time overtakes the city man and ultimately leaves him far behind in the race.—Good Housekeeping.

ien subject themselves in this man-

Home Journal.

Vers and Prince Lovingheart heard the

At the same instant the ogre, inhaling

and there she waited.

langh like the jungle of silver bells.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the fairy, with a

She came forward in the room and said:



Like a shy, startled thing she stood in the wild tangle of the wood; Her violet eyes in sweet surprise Seemed some fair shadowing of the skies; beemed some that asserting of the same, in her white hands some bluebells spent. Their dying breath in soft content; Her parted lips their white pearls showing, Her checks like rose hues paling, glowing, And all her childlite innocence. Guide, guard, protector and defensa.

What startled her? A heavy tread What startest acr? A neavy tread Through the dim sisles, arched overhead By sunflected leaves and vibrant boughs And what of heaven such shade allows. All day sweet sounds had been astr— The soft, far reaching orchestra Of birds, bees, whispering winds—and over The nearer fields of grass and clover Came tinkling oow bells sifting through, As violets tint the dusk and daw.

A tramp comes on! the pine leaves sweet Shudder beneath his naked feet;
He stope, wild, hungry, outlawed, flerce;
His stope, wild, hungry, outlawed, flerce;
His haggard ope the girl's cree pierce;
but something in their sender light
Checks his half savage mood, despite The lawless, desperate soul within, That selfom stops at soil or sin; He moves aside—she passes by,

A TRAVELING LIAR.

One afternoon in September, as I was toiling over a rocky trail in the Smoky mountains, which range of the Blue Ridge separates Tennessee and North Carolina for many miles, a girl about 13 years of age, bareheaded, barefooted, and having on a single garment made of cheap stuff, suddenly jumped into the road a few feet shead of me, fell down, rolled over, lost her hold on a bundle of mosts and barks and was up and off like a shot. She passed me without seeming to see me, and next minute a bear came rolling out of the bushes upon the spot she had covered. I had a big revolver, and I had it handy, and bruin was dead before he could suspect how my hair stood on end and my legs wabbled. He wasn't tifteen feet away, and he looked as hip as a yearling calf, and even if I did shoot with my eyes shut he would have been ashamed of me if I had failed to kill him with six bullets. He was kicking his last when the girl came back, regarded him with bulging eyes for a moment, and then

"Lordy! but I thought I was a goner. "Oh, I happened along here. Why

didn't you scream?"
"Couldn't. I hadn't wind 'nuff." "How far did he chase you?"

old she exclaimed:

"A right smar."
"Well, who are you?"
"Susan. Come up to the house."
"Susan coked up the lost bundle and She picked up the lost bundle and started on shead, and a quarter of a mile above we came to a cove and the inevitable mountaineer's cabin. The cove was the same-cabin the same-surroundings the same as a score of others. Aye! the gaunt, miserably dressed woman stood in two children rolled on the ground, and a big dog slouched out of the cabin and growled flercely at the approach of a stranger. Susan led me straight to the door, and as we halted on the thresh-

B'ar was chasin' me. He 'un killed it with his popper."
As soon as the matter was understood

the three of us went back, made a litter. and after a hard tug got the bear to the We had just arrived when the usband came home, having been off on a hunt, and the girl braced up, got a rest for her back against the house, and told the story as follows

"Got my roots tied up. B'ar cum for me. Took a run. Met he un. He'un never run 'tall. Heard him shoot—pepi pop! Went back. Bar was dead. Told he 'un to come up and see we 'uns. Gin him yer paw, pap."
"Stranger," said the man as he came

over to me with outstretched hand, "put it that! Reckon you saved that gal's fire to the grass in front of the bandys, life fur suah. Mam, give him yer paw." covering as wide a space as possible to the

ant, and the mountaineer exclaimed:
"Stranger, do you 'un think we 'uns ar heathens? We's pore and forlorn and shnckless, but we's got feelings. You've got to stop right yere till to-merrow."
"Deed he has!" added the wife. "Nobody as saves our Suse from a ba'r is gwine to walk off like that."

I thought I was dun gone when I heard him go pop! pop! pop!" said Susan,
"au" the bar fell down in a heap."
Then there came a period of silence.

with every one looking full at me. I knew what was coming. It had come a knew what was coming. It had come a dozen times in a forinight. The man was uneasy, while the wife looked puzzled. By and by the husband hesitatingly Stranger, we 'uns is thankful to you

"It don't make no difference, I say!" ex-

"Yes, her do," replied the father as he pulled a piece of bark from the log. "Stranger, we 'uns want to know if—

He couldn't get it out. "You want to know what I'm doing re," I suggested.

"Well, I'm traveling for health and to see how you people live."
"Whar' from?"

"Michigan." 'Then you 'un is a Yank?"

'And you fit into the war!"

'And you walloped us!" "And you hain't no spy?"

'Stranger, I believe you! Put it than

Notody who fit into the war would be mean 'nuff to come spyin'. Jist feel right to home. All we've got belongs to you." In the evening three or four mountaineers dropped in, one of whom was accom-panied by his wife. The women used their smull sticks, the men lighted their pipes, and as a starter the host turned to

"Stranger, whar' is that Michigan?"
"North of Ohio."

"Many people up thar?"

"Twenty thousand" "Detroit alone has ten times that num-

He winked at each man in turn, and I heard the visiting female exclaim to her-"Oh, Lordi please forgive him fur

Reen on a steamboat, I reckon?" queried the host, after a time. Yes." "More'n one!"

"Pifty, I presume."
He winked again, and the visiting female slehed: "Oh, my soul! but what a dreadful

Mebbe you hav seen the ocean?" marked one of the men after a signal to the rest that he would draw me out.

Reg'lar ocean?

There were three whistles of astonishment, and the visiting female clasped her some new houses are built with a chimhands and appealed: "Oh. Lord don't lay it up sein him this | truit Free Press

time, fur he killed the b'ar!" It was now the turn of an old man, who had thus far preserved the strictest silence. He cleared his throat, uncrossed his legs

"And I reckon you may hev' sawn the Yes. sir." "What! You hev!" exclaimed all in

Certainly, and shaken hands with "Oh, Lordy! Oh, my soul! but how ha

he got the nerve to lie so?" whispered the women, while the others uttered a sort of groan over my winkedness.

There was deep silence for several minutes, and then the visiting female leaned forward and said to her husband across the room: Joseph, ax him about balloons and

"I have seen a balloon," I replied.
"Lands! but listen to him!" "And I have talked through a tele

"How many times?"

"Five hundred." The women dropped their snuff sticks, and each man half started up. They looked from one to another and then at me, and by and by the visiting female slipped off her chair with the words:

"Poore an needy feller sinners, let us the first him."

pray fur him!" And I'm writing you the solemn truth when I tell you that prayer went clean around the room, and it was all for my

Next day when I was ready to go the mountaineer gave me a hearty shake of the hand, called the children up to bid good by, and as I started off he whis-

"If ye stop with any of the boys to night, cut it off short whar ye saw the The hull of it is too much fur one dose!"-M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

A Library in Siberia.

From the house of the governor I went, upon his recommendation to the public library, an unpretending log house in the middle of the town, where I found a small anthropological tauseum, a comfortable little reading room supplied with all the Russian newspapers and magazines, and a well chosen collection of about 1,000 books. ong which I was somewhat surprised to find the works of Spencer, Buckle, Lowes, Mill, Taine, Lubbock, Tylor, Huxley, Dar-win, Lyell, Tyndall, Alfred Russel Wallace, Mackenzie Wallace and Sir Henry Maine, as well as the novels and stories of Scott, Dickens, Marryat, George Ellot, George MacDonald, Anthony Trollope, Justin McCarthy, Erckmann-Chatrian, Ed-gar Alian Poe and Bret Harte. The library was particularly strong in the de-partments of science and political economy, and the collection of books, as a whole, was in the highest degree preditable to the intelligence and taste of the people who made and used it. It gave me a better opinion of Semipalatinsk than any thing that I had thus far seen or heard. Most of the works of the scientific an-

thors above named were expurgated Rus sian editions. Almost every chapter of Lecky's "History of Rationalism" had had been defaced by the censor, and in a hasty examination of it I found gaps where from ten to sixty pages had been cut out bodily. Even in this mutilated form, and in the remote Siberian town of Semipalatinsk, the book was such an ject of terror to a cowardly government that it had been quarantined by order of the Tsar and could not be issued to a reader without special permission from the minister of the interior. A similar taboo had been placed upon the works of Spencer, Mill, Lewes, Lubbock, Huxley and Lyell, notwithstanding the fact that the censor had cut out of them everything that seemed to him to have a "dangerous" or "demoralizing" tendency.-George Kennan in The Century.

A Prairie Fire in Burmah.

There was no time to be lost. We could sensibly feel the approach of the destroy-ing flames. Under my instructions a light was obtained from the cornicopoly's lantern, and the senior sergeant, who was now full of energy, being quite recovered "Ize thankful, shore I am," she said as right and left of our position. The dry I wanted to go five miles further up the trail, to Uncle Joe Billings' place, but had but little time to spare. As soon there was a general protest on the inciently ample for all the carts to rest upon, the drivers were ordered to go ahead. The ammunition classts being strongly constructed it would require actual flame to ignite them, so we were in no danger from the sparks that were flying about. The frightened beasts were with difficulty persuaded to get upon the newly burned ground, it still being hot and smolding. Well for us the Burnese are kind and considerate toward all animals under their charge; but for this fact the buffaloes would probably not have moved. We had advanced some couple moved. We had advanced some couple of hundred raids on the burnt portion of the plain, when the rouring flame behind us reached the spot where we had fired the grass. For a brief time the heat was

tremendous, but our expedient was per-fectly successful. The body of flame di-vided and rolled enward, warring on each side of us until the whole disappeared in the distance, and then we felt we were During the passage of the flames a most curious sight was witnessed by us. A number of living creatures were fleeing from the fire, keeping just in advance of it, and often some of them falling victims to the flames. They were in an agony of terror, their savage instincts being for the time subjued. Tigers, buffaloes, deer, snakes and others were all mixed

pell mell together, none heeding the other, but thinking only of their own self preservation. As the fire receded we sight of them and went on our way rejoicing.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Rapid Transformation Scenery. A very ingenious arrangement for scenery has been invented which will work something of a revolution in pieces where rapid changes and transformations are necessary. So unique and complete is the invention that a change from an exterior to an interior, or vice versa, can be made almost instantaneously and without darkening the stage or lowering the lights. On one of the frames or flats four or five scenes can be arranged with effect. In pantomimes and spectacular pieces the advantages will be most valuable.-New

The Climate of Jamaica

The climate of Jamaica surprised me, for, though very hot in the sun, it is so tempered by the land and sea breeze that in the houses the thermometer rarely rises above 95 degs., sometimes in the winter season sinking as low as 65. It much resembles the summer climate of Virginia, though much damper, to which fact is due a great deal of the malaria and the errible rheumatic fever which prevails. In the rainy season the dampness pours in through the "jalousies," of which the sides of the rooms are principally built, and which rarely close tightly. The books on the tables mold, one's shoes become covered with mildew and kid gloves are covered with mildew and kid gloves are soon too spotted to wear, unless kept in a closely stoppered bottle. The houses are without means of being warmed in any way, as they are built without chimneys or fireplaces. This is a general rule, though I believe in the parish of St. Anne's, on the north side of the island, where there is a good deal of minfall. ney, and one room has a fireplace. -De-

Oh, love, come on the sea girt sands Where the strong see clings with crystal hands; For the ebon pinions of night are stayed; And, in her treases of gold arrayed. She waits with me on the desert shore Till thou shall come out, fair Eleanore, On the sea girt sands.

Oh, love, come out 'neath the twinkling skees, And see where the wings of waiting love 'Neath the twinkling sides.

Oh, love, come out by the sleeping sea. Be worshiped by the stars and me I have a secret here to tell-They heart already knows it well; But thou shall bear its melody Re-echoed by the waves for thee,

By the sleeping sea.

—W. J. Henderson.

VOMA AND VERA.

Long ago a beautiful fairy named Voma built a palace in the moon. From the earth, on a clear night, people could see the gorgeous pillars of her palace shining in their lonely splendor. It is, however, a long time since the beautiful fairy de parted from the scenes of her labors, and her palace has for ages been lying in rain, although in fine matther we may still saw ough in fine weather we may still see

the remains of it. From her palace Voma used to visit the earth by sliding down a moonbeam, and then people would wonder what marvel had taken place, for night was made so lovely, and earth seemed under such a spell of bliss. During her visit to this world she went into palaces and hovels, and she always, by some means known to herself, rectified errors and helped the miserable

and oppressed. Now, at this time, in the remote east, there lived an ogre named Ugo. He had a great, gloomy castle surrounded by high walls, and containing many dismal cells, into which he had thrust thousands of poor creatures, in his cruelty, and the never looked again upon the sun. these darksome dens the light of day never penetrated, and sad indeed was be whose lot it might be to be cast into them. Voma had been in this castle; she had been through it unknown to the ogre, and she had observed the miseries of the captives. Being possessed of a power of doing universal good, she, by a spell, caused the desert round Ugo's castle to blossom in one night into a beautiful garden, from which the wind, carrying the sweet smells of the flowers, blew into the castle and refreshed the poor, weary prisoners in their misery.

In Ugo's eastle a fair young princess named Vera was being kept in gentie captivity. She was the giant's niece, and was the only person to whom he had ever tivity. been kindly. He wished her to the Giant of the West, who was He wished her to marry cruel and ate human beings. Naturally Vera was opposed to this, but she paci-fied her uncle by not directly refusing, in the hope that the fate he planned for her might be averted; and day by day Voma, the fairy, was watching her, and had woven around her a spell by which neither bird nor beast nor flower nor any living

mortal could harm her. Vera was not confined to the castle, but was allowed to roam at will in the garden The egre, however, sald to her: "Promise me not to go beyond the garden, for shall watch, and in the hour thou goest thou shalt die." So Vera promised. Her uncle also said: "Promise me not to doom shall fall upon ye both." And Vera promised, but under her breath she prayed to all good fairies for help.

The next morning she was walking in the garden singing a low, mournful song, while her uncle, the ogre, was asleep in his chamber. She was near the road that his chamber. She was near the road that led by the limit of the garden, when she heard footsteps and a voice singing mer-rity. She looked up and saw a youth of princely appearance, who paused beside the hedge and gazed upon her with eves full of admiration. He was about her own ago, tall and graceful, with dark eyes and high, sunburnt brow, crowned with a wealth of brown hair, that fell in means over his temples. His sandals waves over his temples. His sandals were dust stained as if he had come a long journey. He had a plain, broad belt around his waist, from which hung a short sword, whose hilt was one bright jewel-theonly ornament about his person. Yera felt his eyes burning into her soul, and felt half impelled to tell him her woes, and ask his help, but remembering the promise and the threat, she raised her face and said, "Oh gentle youth! I feel thou art a prince. Behold me, the Princess Vera, enptive to Ogre Ugo. There are his towers, and none who enter therein again behold the sun. Pass on thy way and do not pause or death will be

He answered her, "I am the Prince Jewelbrand come out of the fur west. Tell me, oh, Princess Vera, what hast thou done that Ogre Ugo should hold

Vera said to him, "Oh, brave prince, Vera said to him, "Oh, brave prince, both thy life and mine are imperiled by our speaking. Ugo is my uncle and will have me marry the Glant of the West, and I would die rather. Day after day I linger here and pray to all good fairles for relief. Day after day I seem to pray in vain, and I fear at every moment that my fate may be fulfilled. Pass on then, noble prince, imperil not thyself for me."

But he replied firmly, "Nay, but I will free thee, though death should follow. Fair princess, I shall hasten to my own land, whence I shall return with brave

land, whence I shall return with brave warriors who will break the ogre's halls asunder and take thee forth."

Vera blushed, and after a moment's thought, said: "Go, then, fair youth, and fortune follow thy steps." Then the prince clasped her to him and kissed her

Just at that moment they felt the ground under them tremble, and a great shadow stood between them and the sun. Looking up they saw the ogre, who angrily lifted them and carried them into the castle. He thrust Vera into a very small room, and then going away with the prince he flung him into a deep under-ground cell, having first taken his sword away from him. "Lie there and rot, oh toy prince!" he said, and turning a huge

Stunned a little at first, the prince began to recover and to move around his cell. It was very dark, but he could feel a great many objects lying on the damp floor, and when his hand slipped on some-thing round and cold, which he knew to be a scull, he at once felt he was groping among the remains of the poor prisoners who had perished there before him. He wondered if he should be the next whose bones should cramble there in darkness. He also wondered what would be the fate of poor Princess Vera and in the dark dungeon his love for her grew deeper. He felt that he absolutely must escape, not for his own sake, but for Vera's, and then he cursed the place and the cruel agre who had cast him there to die. Then

he would lie half dazed, but would start up and cry for Vera till the walls re-echoed as though the dead bones around had sprung up to life and shouted her name. Then he would cry: "it is a dream! There is no Vera!" But her

dream! There is no Vera!" But her image would return to him so clearly that the delusion vanished.

Meanwhile Vera, sitting where she had fallen, weeping bitterly and in fear, awaited the return of the ogre. He came at last, thundering shong the passage and looked into the room.

"Princess Vera." he said grimly, "you have broken your promises which you gave me. Now hear me. To morrow at the passage and the state of the said grimly, "you have broken your promises which you gave me. Now hear me. To morrow at put him away!—Oscs a West.

daybreak you shall go to the Glant of the West to wed him. To-morrow, also at daybreak, the dainty prince shall die." So saying, he bolted the door and went As I approached the landslip, I saw a number of brown monkeys rush to the sides and across the top of the slip, and noisily to his room. For a long time Vera sat weeping, and at last night came. Through a grated window overhead she could see darkness coming down. Soon presently pieces of loosened stone and shale came tumbling down where I stood. I fully satisfied myself that this was not merely accidental, for I distinctly saw the little stars burst through the sky, and gradually a growing brightness in the blue darkness told her the moon was one monkey industriously with both fore-paws and with obvious malice prepense, pushing the loose shingle off the rock. I then tried the effect of throwing stones climbing up her path of light. The soft moonbeams stole into the room. They at them, and this made them quite minded her that when the moon should angry, and the number of fragments disappear from the sky, and day break over the world, her fate would be fulfilled

over the world, her fate would be falfilled and her misery complete. So she only wept the more. Suddenly the room seemed brighter, and, looking up, she saw a large moonbeam floating in at the window, and carrying in with it a beauti-ful little figure, clad in fine green gauze, and with a crown of jewels like tiny needle points in her loose golden hair. In her right hand she carried a little golden wand tinned with a minute gem. Her This, though it does not amount to the actual throwing of objects by monkeys as a means of offense, comes very near to the same thing, and makes me think that there may be truth in the stories of their throwing fruit at people from trees. At all events, the general statement that the act of throwing things is never performed by any animal except man is certainly not correct, as I have myself seen recently captured elephants project branches of trees with the design of hitting persons out of their reach.—Traveler's India Letter.

which they set rolling was speedily

Popular Stories in England.

The Young Ladies' Journal is an elegant miscellany which I have frequently observed in the possession of the bar maid. In a lone house on a moorland I was once supplied with quite a consider able file of this production and (the weather being violent) devoutly read it, The tales were not ill done; they were well abreast of the average tale in a circulating library; there was only one difference, only one thing to remind me I was in the land of penny numbers instead of the parish of three volumes: Disguise it as the authors pleased (and they showed ingenuity in doing so) it was always the same tale they must relate—the tale of a poor girl ultimately married to a peer of the realm or (at the worst) a baronet. The circumstance is not common in life, but how familiar to the musings of the bar maid! The tales were not true to what men see; they were true to what the readers dreamed.—Robert L. Stevenson in Scribner's Magazine.

A Disgraceful Spectacle.

every sentry slept the sounder as she passed. On she went, and paused not till she was safe beyond the walls and at the spot where she had met the prince, It is difficult to imagine anything more The fairy, meanwhile, went to the horrible or revolting than the spectacle of prince's cell, and she awoke him from slumber, saying: "Arise, O prince! No longer Jewelbrand but Lovingheart. a woman hanging by her teeth to the car of a balloon until the machine has risen out of sight. I think it is a disgrace to our age that, while we legislate for the Arise, and go forth to meet the princess who awaits thee where ye met! Lo! I am the Fairy Voma, a princess among fairles come to help ye both. Arise and go! and, protection of life and limb in all kinds of industrial employment, no check should when ye meet, pause not but fiee to thy home." And he arose, and lo! every door be placed on shows the only attraction of which is the danger to the performer. turned and let him pass, and the sentries The evil will, however, I suppose, always exist as long as there is free competition slumbered and heard him not. So he went forth and met Vera and kissed her in the moonlight; and Vera and he, pausbetween managers and free competition between the poor creatures who risk their lives to earn their living, but that is one ing not, fied away westward, marveling what Fairy Voma would do to Ogre Ugo. reason, at least, why the law ought to Now, when Voma entered the ogres-room, the ogres sat in his chair asleep, and, as he slept, his long shaggy beard and mustache waved like banners with step in and put a stop to such disgraceful

shows. - Lordon Truth.

Over 5,000 pianos are ruined every year in this country by changes of at-



a deep breath, drew up his nostrils the minute fairy dust and emitted a sneeze like a thousand thunders. Sneeze after sneeze rolled forth. The castle rocked and groaned, the roof cracked, and then, Fourth National Bank with a crash that woke half the world from sleep, down fell the whole massive WICHITA, KANSAS.

crash, and felt the earth shudder at the shock. They fiel the faster and reached PAID UP CAPITAL, - \$200,000 the prince's home after many days' jour-neying. There Vera and he were married, SURPLUS, - - - \$15,000

DIRECTORS:

-and he fell before the prince's sword. And when the old king died the prince be-came king, and lived to see sons and grandsons, and daughters and grand-daughters playing around the royal foot-stool.—J. Lauchlan MacLean Watt in B. LOMBARD, JR., Prest. L. D. SKINNER, Cashier J. P. ALLAN, V. Prest. W. H. LIVINGSTON, Ast. Cast

OF WICHITA, KAN.

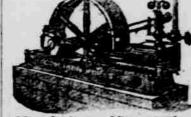
practice—there has never been any sci-entific principle applied to wearing them properly. They are simply drawn on as tightly as two or four strong arms can get them, and fastened by a leather belt around the waist. This belt has to be tors call unhealthy lacing is nothing in CAPITAL, comparison with the torture to which \$100,000 \$ 50,000 Articles have recently been written

in reference to the wearing of tights in the circus ring and the bad results that DIRECTORS: usually follow for the women so em-Jno. B. Carer, Peter Getto, P. V. Healey, H. G. Fuser, Kos Harris, B. Lombard, Jr. J. M Allen, J P. Aben, W. F. Green, L. D. Skinner, James L. But this is nothing compared to the system in vogue in comic opers and buresque theatres. The circus rider has a ten or fifteen minute act to perform, and



GLOBE IRON WORKS. A. FLAGG, Proprietor.

Cor. 2d and 5th aves., Wichita



Manufacturer of Steamengines Botlers, Pumps and all kinds of mill gearing. Architectural iron a specialty. Iron and brass cast-ings made to order. Estimates made on all-class of work and orders promptly attended to.

WICHITA,

Wichita Mercantile Co., WHOLESALE -:- GROCERS.

213, 215, 217, 219 and 221 South Market Stree

THE WICHITA EAGLE.

M. M. Murdock & Bro., Proprietors.

Printers, Binders, Publishers and Blank Book Mifrs

All kinds of county, township and school district records and blanks. Legal blanks of every description. Complete stock of Justice's dockets and blanks. Job printing of all kinds. We bind law and medical journals and magazine periodicals of all kinds at prices as low as Chicago or New York and guarantee work just as good. Orders sent by mail will be carefully attended to. Address all business communications to ess communications to

R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

HAWN, HERRON & CO., -WHOLESALE-

GRAIN AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS And dealears in HARD AND SOFT COAL

Will bid on grain of all kinds in lots of one to fifty cars at any point in Kansas. Correspondence solicited. HAWN, HERRON & CO. Prop., Whichita Elevator and Zephyr Mills

J. O. DAVIDSON, Prest S. C. ENIGHT, Sury. W.T. HABOOCK, Vice Pres TROL E. PITCH, D.

Davidson Investment Comp'ny

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.

DIRECTORS: JOHN QUINOT ADAMS, A. KNIGHT, CHAR S. WOOD, C. A. WALKER, M. C. ENIGHT JOHN E. SANFORD, W. T. BABCOCK, W. E. STANLEY, J. C. DAVIDSON,

\$5,000,000 Loaned in Southern Kansas. Money Always on Hand for Improved Farm and City Loans.

OFFICE WITH CITIZENS BANK Northeast | Corner N Mails Street and Douglas Avenue.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

L.C. JACKSON,

-SUCCESSOR TO HACKER & JACKSON,-Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal And all kinds of building material. Main office 112 S. 4th Ava Branch office 133 N. Main. Yards connected with all railroads in

A.W. OLIVER, Vice-President.

WICHITA NATIONAL BANK. \$250,000 Paid-up Capital, 50,000 Surplus,

-DIRECTORS-A. W. CLIVER. M. W. LEVY. S. T. TUTTLE N. P. INDENLANDER.
W. R. TUCKER. JOHN DAVIDSON. J. C. RUTAN.

DO A GENERAL BANKING, COLLECTING AND BROKERAGE BUSINESS. n and Foreign exchange bought and sold. U. S. Bonds of all denominations bought and sold. County, Township and Municipal Bonds Bought.

LOMBARD MISSOURI -:- PACIFIC State National Bank MORTGAGE :: CO.

E, LOMBARD JR, Prest.

JAS, L. LOMBARD, Vice-Prest.

J. T. COI HIRAN, See and Man.

L. D. SEINNER, Tressurer.

G. W. BRISTOW, Cashler.

Farm Loans at Lowest Rates

Office over State National bank. Cor Main st. and Douglasave.

St Louis, Kansas Clip Pueblo and Hansas National Bank Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars, 184 Main Sweet

Capital, paid up, - \$250,000 Surplus, 20,000 H. W. Lowing Part A. & Johns, Vine Prost. 6. El Frank, Backins

The Eagle pocket real estate book has become a universal favorite among dealers renerally in the west.

Free reclining chair cars are now running on all trains on the C. K. & N. railway, "Rock Island Route," between Wichita, Topeka Kansas City, St. Joseph, Chicago, St. Louis. 912

Motor Line Wiehita .: Eagle. ADDITION.

CALL AND SEE ME. H. SCHWEITER, One Year, -

Passengers for Wellsford, for Coldwater and Ashland be sure and take Lake's straight line and save twenty-four bours' time, arrives at Coldwater at 5.35 p. in. READ THE WEEKLY

RAILWAY.

The most popular route to Kansas City. St. Louis, Chicago and all points East and North, also to Hot Springs, Ark. New Orleans, Fiorida and all points South and Southeast.

SOLID DAIL TRAINS

-BETWEEN-

Denver,

-VIA THE-

COLORADO SHORT LINE

The Shortest Route to St Louis

5-DAILY TRAINS-5

Kansas City to St Louis.

Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt., St. Louis. Mo.

Free Reclining Chair Cars.

H. C. TOWNSEND.

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars.

Contains More State and General News and Eastern Dis-

patches than any paper in the Southwest. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: